Volume LXII CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1909 Number 21

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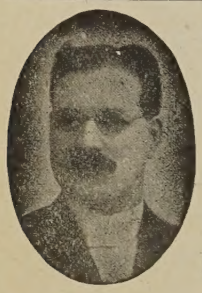

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1909. NUMBER 21

Our Brother

O Brother of the righteous will,
O Brother full of grace,
What human glory is revealed
Foreshadowed in thy face!

As once the homes of Galilee,
It lighteth ours to-day;
And still to men it showeth clear
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

Thou art the Way: for still, to know
The Love that reigns above,
There is no other way than thine,—
To live the life of love.

Thou art the Truth: alone on eyes
Like thine the visions fall.
Blessed, with thee, the pure in heart,
Who see the God in all.

Thou art the Life: in thee we own
The glory all may wear,
Who will, like thee, for truth and right
But learn to do and dare.

O Brother of the righteous will,
O Brother full of grace,
With deepening faith the sons of men
Still gaze upon thy face!

Based on verses in "Our Christmas Day," a poem by John White Chadwick.

The hymn which we print at the head of this column as well as Mr. Hosmer's Lincoln Hymn on another page, are the first of several new hymns which we hope will find their way in the new edition of Unity Hymns and Chorals, now in process of revision.

A Pittsburg millionaire is reported as about to desert his elegant palace and seek residence in a more cordial city because "the coming out of his daughter" was a chilly affair. Pittsburg can doubtless survive the loss, but alas for the poor daughter! The less there is made of the "coming out" ceremony in the life of any modest, undeveloped but developing child, the more auspicious is the future of that child. It is cruel to shorten the period of infancy by the superficiality and notoriety of the "functions" that would summarily change a child into a women, a sweet girl into a blooming belle. It is like opening a rose bud with a pen knife.

UNITY seldom thinks it worth while to correct typographical errors. It trusts in the intelligence of its readers to understand the mistakes and then, alas! there is but a slender chance for the mistake and the correction to fall under the same eyes. We did not much mind the alpha *primitive* for the alpha *privitive* in the interpretation of the word asylum in the last week's sermon, but we very much regret that the type should have compelled us to say so unkind and unjust a thing concerning Mrs. Putnam's "Child Life of Lincoln" as "We hope few will *read* such a book." What we meant to say was, "We hope few will *need* such a book." We had already said that the work was done very well in this book. Our hope was and is that some standard life has already enlisted the interest of the reading child or the interpreting parent. We ought to have said also that the invaluable essay on Abraham Lincoln by Carl Schurz, one of the most satisfying brief studies, is published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

Poor Margerie Gould, having endured the most elaborate "bringing out," the dinner outshining, as the telegraph informs us, the Bradley-Martin ball, confesses after it is all over that she is "only a regular country kid and not a society girl at all." In these days of organized protection of the young, societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, is there not something that can be done to protect the children of the rich from the tyrannies of society, the vulgarity of the functions that torture the debutante out of her normal growth and the unconsciousness which alone secures healthy development? It is well understood by all thoughtful people that "Society" is wickedly extravagant; it is time that it be as well understood that its demands are vulgar and cruel as well.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has written a timely bulletin published by the Frederick Douglass Centre, entitled "Sense and Sentiment on the Color Question." She calls attention to the persistent way in which the prevalent type of the Negro on the stage and in public estimation represents a leveling downward rather than upward. She well says:

> Prejudice of all sorts springs from false sentiment, kind or cruel. It is easier to "help" people in certain careless makeshift ways than to understand them. The understanding takes more time and pains than most of us are willing to give. The majority of white people are content to be charitable almoners of the black. Thoughtless indulgence on one side creates a craven dependence and dishonesty on the other. So the breach widens and the day of true understanding seems far off.
>
> The better class of Negro, that best fitted by character and intelligence to represent their race, is precisely that class which white people know least about. Could there be a

greater anomaly in a republic like this? The trained, efficient Negro is almost a negligible factor save in the small restricted circle in which he lives. He is quietly busy in the natural channels of trade or profession, adding to the naion's stock both in that general prosperity of which we boast and in qualities of true manhood.

Popular applause goes far in the case of great leaders like Douglass and Washington, but it is not enough to recognize exceptional merit and genius. There are hundreds of men and women as deserving of respect and admiration as these. The important thing is to take note of the rapidly ascending average of negro life and attainment, to give friendly recognition and encouragement to the men and women within reach in our neighborhood or community who are leading honest, useful lives, who differ from their white neighbors in none of their aspirations or ideals, only in complexion and the badge of former servitude, which it would seem the supreme duty of a republic to wipe out as soon as possible.

The January *Chautauqua* relieves the irritation to the nerves of the Peace men caused by the December number, wherein the Editor of the *Army and Navy Journal* argued for the bayonet and the cannon as instrumentalities of peace,—a conventional, and still, to many minds, a satisfying argument. But in the January number David Starr Jordan's "Human Harvest" and A. N. Simons' "The International Aspect of Socialism" restore the nerves and encourage the higher sanity that looks upon the warship and the standing army as survivals of barbarism, a handicap of progress,—the problem concerning which is not how to improve or humanize them, but how to get rid of them, as the Iron Maiden, the public pillory, and the ordeal by fire, etc., etc., have been left behind.

The readers of UNITY have learned to love the name of John B. Tabb if for no other reason than that he was the friend and confidant of John Chadwick, whose appreciation first introduced him to our readers. In return, one of the tenderest tributes to Mr. Chadwick which appeared in UNITY columns was written by this father of the Catholic faith. It will be a shock to the thousands who have learned to love the dainty little poems of this priest to learn that he has recently lost his sight, but their sadness will be turned to gladness to find that like the bird in the shrouded cage he still sings the clear notes of one who is at home in the upper air. The following lines are from the *Independent*:

"Back to the primal gloom
Where life began;
As to my mother's womb
Must I a man
Return:
Not to be born again,
But to remain;
And in the School of Darkness learn
What mean
"'The things unseen.'"

The *Hibbert Journal* for January is full of disturbing matter. It is rarely a periodical comes to our table so devoted to the problems on the boundaries, the border line of human thought. The first fifty pages are given to the cossideration of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, the society that concerns itself with the creepy things on the outer margins of human consciousness, by such eminent men as Gerald Balfour, John Graham and William James. The next is an article by Doctor Marshall on Psycho-Therapeutics and Religion, in which of course Mary Baker Eddy and the Emmanuel movement are considered. Miss Vida Scudder discusses the Social Consciousness; the Bishop of Tasmania finds the Old Testament an inadequate basis for moral instruction; Professor Muirhead of Birmingham discusses the problems of the moral education congress; The Rev. R. Roberts, Congregational minister of Bradford, England, with commendable frankness, compels a recognition of the incompatibility between the ideal Christ and the historic Jesus. Nothing in the theological world is more imperative or prophetic than the recognition of this distinction. Professor Kaiser of Columbia College presents an article with a depressing if not alarming title,—"The Message of Modern Mathematics to Theology." This would look like a violation of the "Law of Moses" which forbids the yoking together of the ox and the ass; for when have the theologian and the mathematician met without "scrapping"? The old formula could be stated thus:

Mathematician—$3 \times 1 = 3$;
Theologian—$3 \times 1 = 1$.
In this article such symbols come into play:
"$n, n+1 \ldots\ldots\ldots 2n, 2(n+1)$."

But this is not all of it. The next article, to the uninitiated, is not only easier reading but more important, for it deals with probation and children's courts in Italy, as illustrating a great reform in the treatment of criminals, by Miss Lucy C. Bartlett of the Howard Social Settlement of London. "The Liberal Theology in the Mission Field," by an Australian Methodist missionary; the "Social Aspects of the Cult of Ancestors and Heroes," by an Oxford literary doctor, with forty or more pages of scholarly matter in smaller print, make this number a stimulating contribution to a minister's study table.

Lincoln Memorials

What is the most fitting way of marking the Lincoln centennial, how best to perpetuate the event and to fix the appreciation, are questions much discussed in the papers and seriously considered by local committees.

The most immediate problem of committees is to arrange for an adequate commemoration service. "What to do during the centennial week" is the insistent demand.

As practical suggestion in this direction, we print in our Field Department the last bulletin issued by the Abraham Lincoln Centre of Chicago. We also give a page to the musical numbers that will be used at the Lincoln Centre. The numbers by Miss Walker and Miss Ogden are home made. "An Offering at the Shrine of Power" is one of the most popular songs of the All Souls Sunday-school. Miss Walker's "Lincoln Soldiers" is one of the Confirmation Class songs, writ-

ten several years ago for a class, who took a Lincoln saying for their motto. The noble "Hymn to Lincoln," by Mr. Hosmer, came in response to a request from Lincoln Centre for a new hymn for its celebration. But a hymn so fitting, high and timely, is too valuable to be kept for the exclusive use of one little group, however flattering it would be to their pride. And so, with Mr. Hosmer's consent, we print it in this week's UNITY, hoping that it may be used in many places. That it is a permanent contribution to hymnology as well as to Lincoln literature, we have no doubt.

This page of songs we will keep standing long enough to accommodate any committee who may like to use it as it now stands. If they send their orders promptly, we will fill them at the rate of a dollar and a half per hundred. The limitations of the office forbid the handling of smaller orders or for lessers amounts.

After the meetings, the songs, the speeches, the resolutions, what remains? The placing of memorial tablets in school houses and churches is a noble thing to do. Several Gettysburg speech tablet schemes are before the public. The Abraham Lincoln Centre offers companion tablets of the Springfield Farewell address and the Gettysburg address, as advertised on our front page.

In answer to inquiries concerning a desirable picture to be hung in school rooms, halls, etc., after consultation with experts we venture to make the following suggestions:

A very noble photographic reproduction of the St. Gaudens' Standing Statute, now in Lincoln Park, Chicago, one of the most impressive works of art in America, can be procured, 11x14, suitably matted and framed, for five dollars; larger sizes in proportion. What is generally ksown as Hesler's Best, the photograph taken by the Evanston photographer, a few weeks after the nomination of 1860, 8x10, matted and framed, for seven dollars. The frame made from Lincoln logs, saved by Gunther from the Libby Prison exhibit in Chicago, for eight dollars. Jugler's engraving of the head of Lincoln, from F. B. Carpenter's painting, one of the two standard engravings of Lincoln, 24x30, inside of frame, can be procured, already framed, for ten dollars. A standard platinum photograph of the Emancipation Proclamation picture by Carpenter, can be procured, framed, with mat, for eight dollars.

We shall be very glad to transmit any communication in this direction, that may reach UNITY office, to reliable dealers.

But after all this, something larger, broader, should be sought to mark the event that comes but once in a hundred years. The securing for all time of the Kentucky birthplace to the nation and to the world as a shrine beautiful, by the people and conserved for the people, was a fitting scheme. The result is assured, though many of the plans concerning it have been delayed; perhaps the time necessary for their realization was under-estimated, but that they will be realized and much more is not to be doubted.

The suggestion of a great Lincoln Pike, a broad highway, reaching from Washington to Gettysburg, has already been commended in these columns; but that is a suggestion worth considering by states, counties, and neighborhoods. A Lincoln Pike from Hodginville to Louisville is a part of the Kentucky scheme. The Appian Way of Classic Rome is a model that commends itself to the road-builders of today.

Another fitting tribute to Lincoln that would mark the day and be an inspiration to unborn generations of citizens would be the adding of another star to the national galaxy on his birthday by admitting the new state of "Lincoln" to take the place of the territory of New Mexico, a name of meager associations and uninspiring traditions.

But the noblest tributes to the dead are found in the inspirations that quicken the pulse of the living. The name of Lincoln should be perpetuated in the institutions that educate, refine and unify society,—libraries, halls, museums, lyceums, churches.

It would not be modesty that would prevent the editorial columns of UNITY from claiming for the Abraham Lincoln Centre of Chicago a monumental type worthy of reproduction. Perhaps the plain building on the corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue, in Chicago, is the most fitting and worthy tribute yet constructed in the name of Lincoln. Be that as it may, the endowment of that institution in such a way as to secure its perpetual growth and continued ministration would be a high use of the centennial occasion.

It was reported at the Annual Meeting last week that twenty thousand dollars has already been realized on the one-hundred-thousand-dollar endowment which is its quest. Notwithstanding the hard times of last year, the women's ten-thousand-dollar contribution to that fund has been completed. Chicago could do itself no greater credit during the centennial month of Lincoln than to add the eighty thousand dollars that will complete the hundred-thousand-dollar quest.

The noblest appreciation of the past is that which expresses itself in a faith in the future. The sacrifice and suffering of the one should redound to the glory and joy of the many. What Lincoln and his forefathers sought in tears should, by the great beneficiaries of today, be harvested in joy.

Daily perform thy own appointed work
Unweariedly; and to obtain a friend—
A sure companion to the future world—
Collect a store of virtue like the ants
Who garner up their treasures into heaps;
For neither father, mother, wife, nor son,
No kinsman will remain beside thee then,
When thou art passing to that other home—
Thy virtue will thy only comrade be.

—*Indian Wisdom.*

SONGS AND HYMNS

A Suggestion for the

Abraham Lincoln Centennial

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1809—February 12—1909.

The prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore a nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
Was in that rugged face;
Still from the humble Nazareths come
The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days,—
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through
The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
Now stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O Land he died to save,
Bow down, renew today thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

Tune, Manoah. FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

OUR COUNTRY

O beautiful! our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvest waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to all the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffer'd,
For thee they toil'd and pray'd;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birth-right,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations,
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful! our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law!
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

—*Frederick L. Hosmer in Unity Festivals, No.* 100.

Tune, Webb.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds your needless fears!
He who unfurl'd your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

Chorus:

"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears—
When the bright sun, that tints them crimson,
Rises to shine a thousand years.

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppress'd of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

Haste thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years!

—*Words and Music by Henry C. Work.*

SONS OF FREEDOM.

An off'ring at the shrine of power,
Our hands shall never bring;
A garland on the car of pomp,
Our hands shall never fling;
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our sounding voices ne'er shall be;
But we have hearts to honor those
Who bade the world go free!

Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are;
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far!
Glory to them o'er all the earth,
And glory in all ages be,
Who burst the captive's galling chain,
And bade the world go free!

And one there is whose noble life
Sets all our hearts aflame,
Who freedom gave a million souls
And saved our country's fame.
O Lincoln, patient, brave and true,
God's noblest, rarest type of man,
With rev'rent pride we speak thy name,
The first American.

No. 27 *in Unity Services and Songs. The last stanza added by Althea A. Ogden.*

LINCOLN SOLDIERS.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, in the name of Liberty.
As Christ died to make men holy, so they died to make men free.
We would live to make men noble and would dwell in unity,
As we go marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory, Hallelujah, etc.

Lincoln soldiers were our fathers, Lincoln soldiers would we be,
We would live for Right and Justice as they died for Liberty,
We would rim with white the banner that they flung above the free,
As youth goes marching on.

We would learn today's new duties from each fresh occasion's plea,
We would lift our weaker brother with our love, where e'er he be,
We would hush the months of cannons booming over land and sea,
As peace goes marching on.

Lincoln soldiers marching onward in the noontide's golden glow,
We would pluck the wayside thistle and would lay its proud head low,
We would plant a flower wherever there is soil for flower to grow,
As love goes marching on.

Tune, John Brown. —*Evelyn H. Walker.*

THE PULPIT.

The Gospel in the Earthquake

SERMON PREACHED AT THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON, JANUARY 3, 1909, BY REV. EDWARD CUMMINGS.

I.

This New Year opens auspiciously with one of the most impressive and thrilling spectacles in all human history. All over the world today the attention of men and women and even children is focussed on one place. As the zone of daylight travels round the globe, and the rising sun gilds the mountain tops and touches the spires of the cities and the roofs of the houses in each successive continent and island of the sea, the first thoughts of the waking world are thoughts of pity, of sympathy, of fraternal love. The first impulse of people everywhere is the desire to help, to rescue, to comfort the afflicted, though the sufferers may be separated from them by barriers of race and religion and language, and removed by half the circumference of the earth. Kings and beggars, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, humble and exalted, Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, all moved by one impulse of pity, one desire to help,—each giving according to his ability to give! Truly, we may say that in its course today the sun never sets upon the Empire of Love and the Red Cross standard of human sympathy and devotion; never sets upon the flag of mercy; never goes down on the ensigns of international brotherhood and good will. I do not believe the sun had ever shone upon a more inspiring spectacle than this since the world began and the morning stars first sang together. Never since the fabled days when the Creator of the heavens and the earth looked upon the work of his hands and "saw that it was good" has the world seemed to justify that divine prophecy so completely as it does today. In the beginning of the world it must have taken the wisdom and omniscience of an infinite God to look down the endless avenues of time and out across the dreary stretches of inorganic and organic evolution, and see "that it was good." Nothing short of God could see it then. God was the first optimist! But today, as we look out upon the world and see it glowing in the dawning light of the new day of universal sympathy and brotherhood, we can all see clearly enough to exclaim thankfully, It is good!

Happily the time has come, "by prophet-bards foretold," when even you and I, short-sighted and pessimistic as we are inclined to be, can see the dawning of the new day, can see the growing light of brotherly love pentrating the heavy clouds of race prejudice and national animosity, driving away the clouds of war and hatred and selfishness and distrust, and flooding the whole world with a prophetic burst of that sunlight of fraternal love which shall one day make the family of nations another name for the great family kingdom of God on earth. Humanity never seemed so divine as it does when moved and transfigured by the generous and universal impulse of kindness and pity and good will which thrills the world today. Any world which, in these short centuries of human progress, could bring to pass such glorious things, is a good world, a world of divine possibilities, worthy of our highest enthusiasms, our noblest aspirations and endeavors. Verily, I say to you, prophets and sages and saviors and teachers and saints and martyrs and lovers of God and humanity in every age have longed to see the things which your eyes behold, and have not seen them. They, by faith in God and the future of humanity, were made strong to work and struggle, and suffer and die, if need be, for the good of their fellow-men. But you can walk and work by sight and not by faith. You can see the dawning of the great day which they knew would follow the night. You can see the dim stars of the separate faiths and hopes which have guided the wandering footsteps of men in the dark ages of ignorance and selfishness and mutual distrust and fear and hate giving place to the growing light of the new and better day. The theological shepherds who have watched their flocks, during the long night of ignorance and selfishness, by the dim light of these stars, are frightened because the sacred lights that guided their footsteps are disappearing. They forget that, while faiths fade, as the separate stars fade before the rising sun, Faith grows stronger, and makes the world more beautiful, and more truly religious than it has ever been, and awakens men and women to new life and a better day.

The fog banks of superstition and dogma are melting before the rising sun of truth, as the mists of the morning lift and shift in the fresh breeze and vanish in the pure bright air; the divine sunshine of love is warming the hearts and shaping the thoughts and words and deeds and lives of all men everywhere; binding them together in one great universal human family; teaching them to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the whole law of life and love. True, the prophetic time has not yet come when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and study arms no more! But the time has come when the miraculous and transforming power of love and pity has turned battleships into friendships, and converted the munitions of war into food and clothing and shelter for the hungry and naked and homeless in a distant land. The time has come when "Dreadnoughts" and floating fortresses and torpedo-boats are sent on errands of mercy and love. The prophetic time has come when the cry of anguish and the divine impulse of pity have converted the nations of the world into one family, and enlisted all their armies and navies under one flag,—the Red Cross flag of humanity,—and made them, for a time at least, forget their rivalries, and mutual distrust, and race prejudices, and warlike preparations, and join in one common effort to alleviate the sufferings and sorrows of their fellow-men. Never since human history began have the nations of the earth felt so clearly the presence of the indwelling God of Love,—uniting them all in one family, and inspiring them all with the fraternal devotion of all to each and strong to weak. It is like a burst of sunlight through the fading mists and fogs and clouds,—a herald and a foretaste of the brighter, better, and more glorious day to come.

II.

And yet while the sun is looking down upon the most inspiring spectacle that he has ever shone upon, our hearts are heavy, and our minds are clouded with misgivings and doubts. The earthquake which shook down the walls of the cities has also shaken the foundations of our faith in the beneficence of the world. The tidal wave which engulfed the inhabitants of Messina seems to undermine our confidence in the supremacy and goodness and justice in the world. We fear that, after all, poor, weak, confiding humanity is

struggling helplessly against the blind, merciless, and titanic forces of the physical world. For we cannot explain these terrible catastrophes in the good old-fashioned way, as the punishment inflicted upon a sinful people by an angry God. Neither can we account for them any longer by the very convenient assumption that they are the work of the Devil. For we have given up the angry God, whose irrational and immoral penal code included such terrible punishments in this world and in the world to come,—a perpetual hell which was infinitely worse than the combined horrors of all the earthquakes and volcanoes and tidal waves and conflagrations since the world began. We have also renounced that convenient scapegoat, the Devil, and all his works. We are committed to a belief in one God,—and a good God. We say with the Psalmist, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein."

And, when all goes well with us, we delight in the manifestations of God's power. We point to the starry heavens and say, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." But at times like this we feel like Elijah at Mount Horeb, when he thought himself deserted by Jehovah. Then to him the great impersonal manifestations of natural power no longer suggested the presence of omnipotent God. A great and strong wind passed by and rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks; but God was not in the wind; it was only blind, irresistible power. He felt the earthquake which caused the mountain to reel and tremble as if in mortal agony; but God was not in the earthquake: it was simply a wanton exhibition of infinite force and destructive power. He saw the consuming fire which licked up the rocks like tinder; but God was not in the fire; that also was only terrible, destructive, irresistible, unquenchable. Then came "the still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle." For he knew he was in the presence of God.

So here we stand today in the presence of one of the greatest catastrophes of historic times. We are dazed and overwhelmed by the magnitude of it. As we picture the trembling earth, and the cities reeling and tottering to their ruin, we see no sign of the infinite and merciful Ruler of the universe. Surely, we exclaim, God was not in the earthquake. And as we see the consuming fire which added a hundred-fold to the horrors and the destruction, we say, Surely God was not in the fire. As we see the tidal wave swallowing up the homes and hopes and lives of thousands and tens of thousands of innocent people, we say, Surely God was not in the tidal wave. Then, just as we are turning in consternation from the horror of mingled earthquake, fire, and flood, discouraged and baffled by the spectacle of helpless human misery and woe, we also hear the still small voice, the voice of divine pity and love, of generosity, fraternal devotion, and self-sacrifice; the divine voice of sympathy and love, speaking in compelling tones in our own hearts and in the hearts of millions of our fellow-countrymen, and echoing in hundreds of millions of hearts all round the globe; until the mighty chorus of compassion rises above the roar of earthquake, fire, and flood like the voice of God himself, speaking words of comfort and good cheer and blessing and rescue to his afflicted children. Then, like Elijah of old, we know that we are in the presence of God. Reverently we bow our heads, ashamed of our doubts and discouragements. For God is speaking to us. We have heard his voice most plainly just at the moment we were most doubtful of his presence.

III.

Do you sometimes wish the legendary stories about God's presence would come true again, so that you could hear the voice of God speaking to his people as his servants thought they heard it of old? You can hear it. You do hear it. The whole world is hearing it today, as it never heard it before. This great cry of pity and love and sympathy and help and comfort, rising from millions upon millions of human hearts, is the voice of God himself. He is speaking to us, to the world, to his afflicted children, more plainly than he has ever spoken before. It is the indwelling God, within each one of us, speaking to us and through us to those in need.

He speaks to us and through us. That is his way of reaching the world. He must also act by us and through us. That is his way of helping the world. We are his agents. We can stifle the voice of God if we will. We can smother the impulse of pity and generosity with the weight of selfishness and indifference. We can thwart the divine purpose and defeat the divine will by refusing to act,—refusing to obey, refusing to do the will of God, refusing to heed the voice of pity and generosity and love. We can let the devil of selfishness triumph within us and the devil of evil triumph outside us, if we will. But it is in our power to do divine things, God-like things, miraculous things. We are indispensable co-workers and co-partners with God. He is seeking to find expression in our thoughts and words and deeds. If we will only heed the still small voice, and go about our loving Father's business, and do his loving will, we can bind up the broken-hearted, comfort those that mourn, "give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; . . . and they shall build up the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, they shall repair the waste cities . . . Ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you ministers of our God." It is for us to show this miraculous power of goodness, and overcome this great evil with good.

IV.

What made the earthquake? We do not know as much about such things as the Old Testament writers thought they did when they accounted for the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and explained the cause of the Deluge. But we do know enough to realize that it is a question for geologians and not for theologians. Some day the men of science will answer the question, and tell the world how to avoid such dangers; just as medical science has already taught the world how to avoid the vastly greater danger of plague, cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, diphtheria, and other scourges, far more destructive than volcanoes. And while science is finding out what made the earthquake, and how to avoid such catastrophes, it is enough for us to know that even such a calamity can be turned into an occasion for personal, national, and world-wide enrichment; so that what seemed the triumph of evil and despair shall be a cause for new hope, new courage, new thankfulness, and new confidence in human nature and the progress of civilization.

The danger is that we shall fail to make the most of our great opportunity. But pity, patriotism, morality, and religion all say, Give. Unless we do give, we cannot hope to eat our own dinners in peace; because we shall be haunted with the pinched and

hungry faces of starved refugees. Unless we do give, we cannot hope to enjoy the comfort and security of our own firesides; because our thoughts will be troubled with the memory of the thousands and hundreds of thousands whose homes are smoking ruins. Unless we do give, we shall not be able to rejoice in the presence and safety of our own loved ones without remembering the myriads whose hearts are torn and bleeding. Surely we cannot rest content in our own comfort and security and happiness until we have done something to relieve the suffering of these brothers and sisters.

Therefore, let us each and all do something to give expression to the God-like impulse within us. Let no one be content simply to feel, to sympathize, to pity, and pass on like the priest and the Levite in the parable. Let us all do something and give something, be it ever so little. Do not hesitate to let it be little, if it is all you can afford. Do not let vanity, or the wish that you could do as much as others can afford to do, choke the divine impulses. Remember the poor widow who out of her poverty put in her mite, and really gave more than all the rich people put together.

Give for the sake of Italy and her suffering children, —no matter how small the gift must be. She is the mother country of hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens. She has been a fountain of inspiration to the world of letters, art, science, and religion. The world owes her a debt greater than it can ever repay.

Give for the great cause of international brotherhood and peace,—that the universality of the giving may show the rulers of the nations how truly the peoples of the earth are already united in a great family of nations. Give for the sake of your religion,—that the great family kingdom of our Father in heaven may come on earth. Give for the sake of those you love,—as a thank offering for their safety and happiness. Give for your own sake, lest by refusing to give you starve your own soul; lest by refusing to bless others you cut yourself off from the blessing of love.

"For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love."

For your own sake, for their sakes, for God's sake, —give! Then the tidal wave which engulfed the cities shall be succeeded by a tidal wave of love rolling in from every quarter of the globe.

THE UPPER ROOM.

In my house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the mist-gray gloom,
And I looked my soul in the face.
(O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when they called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs.
(And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house
Has grown, tho empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gathered around my gate.
(From my Upper Room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.)

I have fought my fight. Hark, they bring the prize—
I have won; I have won the race!
But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face.
(For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

—Mary Roberts Rinehart in Success Magazine.

Forgiveness

This dream of Olive Schreiner's, "In a Ruined Chapel," that we have read this morning appeals to me very strongly. As I meet men and women, the young and the old, I am impressed with the large amount of unhappiness which comes from the inability to forgive. I am not sure what fractional part of our troubles springs from this source; but I think that the fraction is a large one. I believe that if we could begin today, if from this day forth we could banish from our hearts all aversion, all dislike, all anger, all hate, all resentment, we should rid ourselves of far more than half of the troubles that beset us. Listen to any conversation whose burden is one of unhappiness or trouble. How quickly, in word or tone, you catch the note of blame, censure, resentment.

A man was walking along the street. Looking ahead, a block away, he saw another man approaching. This man crossed the street to avoid meeting the other. His heart was filled with sullen anger and resentment. Then he bethought himself. He recognized the disgracefulness of his objection to meeting a fellow man. He went on a still hunt, into his own heart, for the reason for his anger and resentment. He found that there wasn't any reason. Had not the other man done wrong? Had not he misrepresented and denounced in wholly unwarranted terms? O yes. Yes, the other man had done a number of things that would have been far better left undone; had made statements that were unfair, unjust, untruthful. But those were the acts of the other man. Let him take whatever punishment the laws of God provide for such mistakes. This man's anger, this man's resentment, this man's cowardice which sent him across the street to avoid meeting a brother,—these were conditions of soul for which this man, and he alone, was responsible. He recognized this. He said to himself, "My heart shall not be burdened with this bitterness. I will not harbor such thoughts of any human being that I must shun him, or refuse to speak to him, or look upon him with aversion or contempt." And really, it was not so much a matter of forgiveness, after all. It was more a matter of using just common sense. In the last analysis, you and I are not responsible for the acts of other people, even those nearest and dearest to us, much less our friends and acquaintances. Perhaps we can't control the acts of our neighbors; we can't prevent people from making misstatements about us; we can't prevent them from trying to cheat us; we can't prevent them from treating us discourteously. But we can control our own acts. We can refuse to cherish anger toward the person who lied about us. We can refuse to hold resentment against the one who has cheated us. We can, on our part, be kindly and courteous, toward those who are rude to us, as toward those who are civil. Yes, we can do even more than that, friends. We can control our neighbors, so far as their conduct toward us is concerned, to just the extent that we have learned to control ourselves. It is a law of God that kindness begets kindness, that good-will attracts good-will, that friendship awakens friendship, that love inspires love. It is utterly impossible for a man to hate me if he knows that I love him. That isn't all of it. It is utterly impossible for a man to hate me if *I love him.* When my love is complete, perfect; when all censure, all resentment have been burned out of my heart; when to my brother I give a brother's love, full, entire;

then my brother *will know* that I love him, then he *will love me.* O friends, this is the law of life, a law of God, as immutable as the law of gravitation. When we complain that someone is unjust toward us; when we think that another has treated us unfairly, cheated us or lied about us; then we may be absolutely sure that we, somewhere, somehow, have failed in our duty toward that other. Perhaps we are not wise enough to see wherein we have failed. Perhaps we have consciously, earnestly tried to be fair, just, generous; and yet, withal, are conscious that one who was a friend is an enemy. We must not allow such experience to weaken our faith in God's eternal justice. We must not allow ourselves, under such an experience, to question the law of love. The law of love holds true just as surely as the law of gravitation. When any human being hates us or despises us or cherishes in his heart bitterness and resentment toward us,—that is evidence that somewhere, somehow, we have failed in our duty toward that person. We should not allow ourselves to become morbid over such failure. We should not become discouraged with ourselves because we cannot at once see wherein our fault lies. We should remember that the spirit alone is able to realize the command to be perfect; that the limitations of the flesh are constantly hampering and hindering us. We should remember that the results of our efforts are not what concern us; that our concern is to try, to use every power that God has given us, to be as just and as generous as we know how to be. When we are conscious that we are trying; that we are living our lives bravely, in a spirit of kindliness and good-will; that we are striving to be absolutely fair and just toward those about us; then we must not allow ourselves to fret and worry about what we call lack of appreciation on the part of some whose friendship we desire. We are still in the flesh. The infinite God within us must work through this finite and fallible humanity. We must not blame ourselves because we have failed to accomplish all that we could wish. We must not blame ourselves because we have not won the good-will, the friendship of all our brothers. On the other hand, we must not deny the law of love. The very fact that a single human being in this wide world cherishes enmity toward us is evidence that we have failed to obey the law of love, at some point, in some way. Good-will attracts good-will; kindliness, unto itself draws kindliness; love inspires love. That is the law of love; that is the law of God; it never fails.

How foolish our cherishing of resentment! What a waste of time to think about the mistakes and errors of others! Isn't there a better way to occupy ourselves? Can't we appreciate the fact that when we allow ourselves to think about and talk about the wrong-doing of our neighbors we are belittling ourselves? It may be necessary, wholesome, occasionally to consider our own accomplishment, to check ourselves up and discover wherein we have failed. I think it is well enough to talk over our neighbors once in a while. Good-natured and kindly discussion of the characteristics of our acquaintances seems to me to have educational value. The characteristics of the people about us, unworthy characteristics as well as worthy, are among the facts of life. It is proper for us to use our eyes and our brains,—to see things as they are. We may not blind ourselves to any of the facts of life, and think to go blameless. But the moment we turn from this impersonal consideration of human traits, the bad as well as the good, to a consideration of the ill effects which someone's shortcomings have had upon ourselves or others, that moment we leave the region where possible benefit may accrue and descend to one where harm must follow. There is never any advantage in recalling or recounting the wrong-doing of another when the object is to show how that wrong-doing has injured us; when the object is to show how that wrong-doing has injured any one other than the wrong-doer. Another man's mistake has not injured, cannot injure you. One man's mistake has never injured, never can injure another man. You do not believe that? You point to the fact that one man has killed another? I am talking about a man, not his body. We are not foolish enough to think that this blood and bone, this brawn and brain constitute us. We know perfectly well that these bodies with all their parts and attributes are ours, not us. There are countless ways in which these bodies of ours may be injured by our own acts, by the acts of others,—our friends, or those indifferent toward us, or our enemies. It is proper and right that we should protect these bodies of ours from all harm, so long as our conduct in so protecting them is in accordance with duty. But when it is our duty to nurse a case of smallpox, we do not hesitate because of the danger to our bodies. The soldiers who fought in the Civil War, in the armies of Lee as in the armies of Grant, did not think the preservation of sound bodies, of life itself of supreme importance. Every man, every woman worthy the name, is giving of health, of strength, of life itself, each day, in the cause of his work, of duty. It is no injury to a man to lose an arm or a leg, to lose eyesight or hearing, to lose life itself when he is in the line of his duty. It is a most serious injury to a man to retain health and strength and every bodily faculty, with dishonor, by failure to perform his duty. There is just one point wherein you, the real you, can be injured. There is just one way in which you, the real you, can be harmed. That point is your own honor, that way is your own act. Let us get this thought into our minds. Let us get down to bed-rock in our thinking. The mistakes that our friends make, the mistakes that our enemies make,—of what concern are they to us? There is something better for us to think about. The wrong-doing of our neighbors can't harm us. Our foolish anger, our foolish resentment, our foolish notion that we can be harmed by the act of another person,—these can and do harm us. These we can be rid of. It is within our power to put these eternally from us. It is within our power to know that when we do our work faithfully, bravely, cheerfully; that when we hold our hearts free from all anger and hate and resentment; that when we cherish nothing but kindliness and good-will toward every man and woman and child; that when we are consciously using our best efforts toward the living of our own lives in accordance with our own highest ideals;—then, there is nothing, nothing in all this wide universe that can harm us.

Friends, have any of us ever held resentment, bitterness in our hearts, toward any human being? Are any of us, today, foolishly cherishing any such feelings? According to Olive Schreiner's story, God had to speak a special word to his angel, to give special power in order that this man—or was it a woman?—might see the beautiful God beneath the imperfect humanity of his brother. In the story, it is the special word, the special power. In life it is the universal law. You and I, each one of us, may look beneath the

superficial traits and tendencies, the follies and vices of the imperfect humanity, and see the divine in every man and woman and child we meet. We may do this. There is no man, there is no woman, so sunk in vice or degradation or selfishness or sin that we may not see, if we will, the beautiful God beneath. The God is there. If we cannot see it, friends, then, rest assured, something of pride, something of conceit, something of selfishness, something of vanity, *in ourselves,* is blinding us. It is far more pleasing to our vanity to think that our dislikes, our aversions are based upon inherent, fundamental differences between ourselves and those we dislike. Some of us are foolish enough to think that the reason we dislike people is because they are our inferiors, in some respects. We think, God help us, that we are better than our brothers. Others of us, in explaining the aversion we feel toward certain people, will deny any idea of superiority; but will assert a difference in taste, temperament, tendencies, that makes any friendship between them and us impossible. These are no whit better than the foolish folk who assert their superiority. If we cannot feel friendship, the out-flow of good-will and the desire to serve, toward every man and woman and child we meet; if we cannot know that the divine, the God, is there behind lying lips, behind cruel or lustful eyes; if we cannot understand that, beneath every form of folly or vice that has fastened itself upon the weak humanity of our frailest brother or sister, there is the beautiful God, calling for our tenderest brother-love; then, O friends, then may we be absolutely sure that we are still tainted with selfishness; there is still in us something of foolish pride, foolish conceit. When we have tried, earnestly and faithfully, to live one day of our lives in absolute purity,—to be absolutely honest, absolutely truthful, absolutely just, absolutely unselfish, in feeling and thought, in word and deed,—when we have consciously tried to live one entire day of our lives in full accord with our own highest ideals; then have we discovered so much of weakness in ourselves, then have we become so conscious of our own failure and short-comings that never afterward, I think, can we have thought or word of censure for our brother.

Let's try it, friends, let's try it. Let's plan that tomorrow shall be a perfect day. Let's plan that into tomorrow there shall come no emotion, no thought, no word, no deed that is not in full accord with our own highest ideals. Tomorrow, just tomorrow, let's try to be the men, and the women we know we ought to be. Tomorrow, just tomorrow, let's try to live brave, strong, serene, noble lives. And then, when tomorrow night comes, let's go over the day's accomplishment. Let's see how many times we have slipped and fallen, how many times we have failed. And as we bow our heads in humility over our own failures, I think, O I am sure there will be no place in our hearts for any condemnation of others, for any bitterness or resentment.

We cannot afford not to forgive. We cannot afford to cherish hate or resentment. You are walking with your friend across the hills at sunset. Your faces are toward the east, where dull, gray clouds are frowning. You stop and turn. The western sky is gorgeous with color, resplendent, its clouds flowing banners of beauty. You utter your delight, call your friend to turn and look, to enjoy with you this feast. But his eyes are fixed on the dull clouds ahead; he will not see the beauty that gladdens your eyes. When we allow hate and resentment to fill our hearts, we are wilfully turning our backs upon the beauty of soul that lies under the human faults and weaknesses of our brother. We are robbing ourselves of a vision of delight.

There is another reason why we cannot afford to cherish hate and resentment. We are souls, we are divine, we are gods. It is unworthy the divine in us; it is unworthy our character as children of the Infinite Love, God, to cherish, for one instant, anything of bitterness or resentment. We cannot afford to sully our own souls, ourselves, by such folly. O friends, let's lift ourselves out of our selfishness; let's lift ourselves out of our base and ignoble estimates of ourselves; let's rid ourselves of foolish pride of property, or pride of beauty, or pride of family, or pride of brains,—let's rid ourselves of this foolish pride concerning temporal and superficial things and get into our hearts the great, the noble, the God-like conception that we are divine, that we are children of God, that we are gods, capable of living beautiful, heroic, God-like lives. We are afraid of such a conception. We have been taught that to live beautiful, heroic, God-like lives means giving up all the simple pleasures of our common humanity. It is not so. You and I, here and now, in just the environment of our lives, doing just the work that our hands must find to do,—now and here, you and I may live the life beautiful, may be heroic, may demonstrate our divinity. It is the simplest thing in the world, friends. Just try, try, try, each hour of each today, to do those things which you feel you ought to do, to leave undone those things which you feel you ought to leave undone. That is to live the God-like life. God help us to begin that life this day.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

Presque Isle, Me., November 12, 1908.

THE FELLER WITH THE HOE

By naich'ral upwardness, the troglodyte
Stepped out'n the ape. This was some time ago.
Borned was the troglodyte with club in hand.
'Twas fittin', this, fer it was 'nough fer him—
He made his livin' with the club. That time
'Twas true, society had neither top
Ner bottom, fer these was identical.
The first of anarchists, the troglodyte;
To wear the "big stick," first.

The upwardness
Kept busy and it come to pass, they was
Two children borned, one with a sword within
Its hand, and t'other with a hoe. Both was
Consumers, but it is a cranky fact
That only one was a producer, and—
The world swings ever 'twixt the two. The hoe
Runs from the field hoe up, and up, and up
Unto that hoe that dug out Hamlet. Now,
The hoeless feller, he leans on the hoe—
The other feller's hoe. He gits along
Quite well, thank you.

The most importantest hoe's
The hoe that tickles up the sile. 'Thout it,
They wouldn't be no grub; 'thout grub, you know,
We'd lose the hoe itself, and 'thout the hoe,
They wouldn't be nothin' fer us but to go
Back to the club! The feller with the hoe's
God's pardner; they work touchin' elbows, and
The angels, they look on, and smile and wait.

Cleves, O. WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, M. D.

The truth-lover tires of the accumulation of unrelated facts, but he does not tire of Truth, Truth vitalized and humanized. Divine ideas ever find us young and ever keep us so. —*S. M. Crothers.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

On the table lies a little volume from the Rural Publishing Co., entitled "Nell Beverly, Farmer," a story of farm life; by Elizabeth Jewett Brown and Susan Jewett Howe. This is a prize story, the result of a competition of about fifty persons, and it has the endorsement of the editor of Rural New Yorker, Herbert W. Collingwood. I agree with him that it is a book full of human nature, and it is a plain story about common farm people. It is bound in paper and will not cost you much, while you will be getting something worth while. The story will reach your heart in more ways than one. It is a woman's story; but a true man has a good deal of woman in him. It is also good farming.

From the Macmillan Company I get "Friendship Village," by Zona Gale. I think I have noted this book before, but it is good enough to stand another warm note. I wish the publishers would send me whatever else the same author has written. If that is not compliment enough I will agree to read them twice through.

From George W. Jacobs Co. of Philadelphia I have got one of the daintiest and in every way most charming little books of the holidays. It is by S. Weir Mitchell, and entitled "A Venture in 1777." It is a book written for young folk, but good for everybody. I do not mean to say that it is a costly book but a charming book, published in the most perfect style.

Outings for January is largely a Southern number. It brings out the developing glories of the lower South. If the Southern people do not like this magazine they will be hard to please. Caspar Whitney, who has so long been editor, retires with the next number. The ilustrations are superb. The *Literary Digest* is not one whit better than it has been, simply because it cannot be improved. It remains the one perfect journal filling its own place to perfection.

"Kincaid's Battery" is George W. Cable's latest story. It is hardly possible to say that it is his best, although it is good enough. The author of "Grandissimes" and "Bonaventure" can hardly be expected to go on at a better pace. It is enough to say that he does not in any way weaken his reputation as one of the two or three best novel writers of the day. Everything is original that comes from Mr. Cable's hands. It is not a lot of stuff that lies around in a common heap, and is worked over by a dozen different novelists. He chooses his own field, and every line that he writes is noble, delicate and charming. The subject of this story is war, but the lesson is peace. When will humanity, yes, even the President of the United States, learn that war is abnormal for civilization, and that drilling boys in school with rifles is part of a brute age? Christianity, as it is taught, is hardly ahead of fetishism. It does not end the story when we repeat that "War is Hell!" It is devilish to promote it. It is high time that we turned our spears into pruning hooks, and our cannons into reapers and mowers. The nation will surely rise that promotes the arts of peace, and creates for its children the character outlined by the Golden Rule, and that nation which spends more on the arts of war than on the arts of peace will degenerate and go down in the crash of conflict. We must learn to trust God as a nation. Read "Kincaid's Battery." It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

E. P. Powell.

An Unexpected Question.

It is only the half-instructed who are not open to conviction. The more deeply learned the person, the more ready is he to receive information, no matter how modest the hands that offer it. The genuine man of science is the truly humble man; his watchword is "to know," not to insist on personal deduction. An illustration of this truth is given in a memoir of Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, in a collection of "Berkshire Historical Papers."

At a large meeting of the Teachers' Institute in Pittsfield, the Hon. Horace Mann gave a lecture on astronomy, which was listened to with great delight by the audience.

The lecturer spoke of the apparent movement of the sun as going west until it reached the highest point, then stopping for a moment before it began its descent.

He likened the motion to that of an apple thrown into the air, which experiences a moment of halting when its ascent is retarded and before its return has begun. When the talk was over, Mr. Mann asked if there were any questions to be asked.

A young man rose from his seat—a plainly dressed country lad who had never studied astronomy, but who had learned to use his own wits. He said that he would like to ask the lecturer if the illustration just given would not be more accurate if the comparison had been to an apple thrown over a house. In that case the object would experience a moment when it ceased to go higher, although it would not cease to go.

A profound silence greeted the young man's daring remark. Then one of the board of trustees rose and severely rebuked the lad for venturing to criticize one of the country's best known scholars, finishing the rebuff by the crushing remark:

"I hope he will be wiser when he is older!"

Here Governor Briggs stood erect.

"I am not sure but the young man is right," he announced.

Mr. Mann stepped forward.

"His illustration is better than mine," he said, "and I thank him for it. That young man will make a good teacher, for he is apt in illustration."

The next day Governor Briggs sought out the youthful questioner, inquired into his circumstances, and made it possible for him to take the college course which he desired.—*Exchange.*

If we are to enlarge and enrich the devotional life of a congregation, we must begin farther back than phrases of the liturgy or postures of the body. We must first have hearts all aflame with the spirit of religion. And more important than form or symbol is the living conviction that the Church is an institution of God, indispensable for the training of men in Godliness. A larger love for the Church, and a nobler worship will necesssarily follow.

—*Joseph H. Crooker.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The Calendar of Centennial Week

Sunday, February 7th, 9:30 A. M.—A Lincoln Sunday-school Session, at which all of the children and teachers are expected to bring a Lincoln motto, their favorite, if possible, not a lengthy quotation. Bring it carefully written, and as plain as possible, in the handwriting of the one presenting it. Write in ink. The quotations will be carefully pasted in a scrap book and preserved in The Centre Library.

8 P. M.—The Story of Lincoln in Pictures. A stereopticon exhibit, interpreted by Mr. Jones; slides carefully selected and prepared for the occasion.

Monday, February 8th, 8 P. M.—A Lincoln Platform Meeting, held under the auspices of the Religious Education Association. Department of Fraternal and Social Service.

Charles E. Beals, Field Secretary of the American Peace Society.

Fraternities and Reverence for Law, Henry P. Brown (Cleburne, Tex.), Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias.

The Political Religion of the Nation, Jane Addams.

Abraham Lincoln, the Fraternalist, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Tuesday, February 9th, 8 P. M.—Mr. Jones' closing lecture in the University Extension Course: "The Abraham Lincoln That Survives."

Wednesday, February 10th, 8 P. M.—A "Calico Dance," at which all the ladies are requested to appear in calico dresses and the men so far as possible, in the blue jeans, hickory and "hard times" garments of the backwoods.

The music will be by old-fashioned "fiddlers" who will know how to "call off" the old-fashioned square dances,—"Money Musk," "The Arkansas Traveler," "Virginia Reel," etc., etc.

It is to be hoped that everybody will attempt to reproduce the simple but respectable and tasty garb of the pioneer life of the settlement in the early decades of the nineteenth century. Let it be a character study, not a caricature; an evidence that beauty, grace and refinement were possible in home-made dresses of the simplest and cheapest fabrics.

Application for tickets should be made early, to the committee, Mrs. F. G. Stubbs and Warren McArthur, Jr.

Thursday and Friday, February 11th and 12th will be left open for the exercises arranged by the General Committee of the city. Mr. Jones on Wednesday addresses the Downer College and the State Normal School in Milwaukee; on Thursday, School Audiences in Chicago; and Friday, 11 A. M., The Wisconsin State University at Madison.

Saturday, February 13th, 6:30 P. M.—A Lincoln Banquet at Emerson Hall; an old-fashioned supper, with songs, speeches, poems and toasts. An unique program is already provided. Application for tickets should be made early to the Committee, Ira N. Norris and Mrs. B. W. Sippy, Chairman.

Sunday, February 14th, 11 A. M.—Mr. Jones will preach on "The Sermon of Abraham Lincoln." Officers of the 8th Regiment I. N. G. (colored) and representatives of the Frederick Douglass Centre will be guests of honor. 300 seats reserved for the soldiery.

LINCOLN IN PICTURES: A WEEK'S EXHIBIT.

Mr. H. W. Fay, of DeKalb, Illinois, the possessor of the most extended collection of Lincoln Pictures in the world, comprising some 200 different sittings of Mr. Lincoln—a collection of over a thousand pictures in all, will have his collection on exhibition throughout the week in the Civics and Browning rooms, fourth floor. The collection will be installed on Saturday, the 6th, and will be removed on Saturday, the 13th. Children attended by teachers, parents or guardians will be admitted for ten cents each; adults for twenty-five cents. Unattended children, for obvious reasons, will not be admitted. It is a rare opportunity and ought to be one of the most attractive features of the Lincoln Centennial.

Foreign Notes.

CHILDREN'S ROOMS AND OTHER AMERICAN LIBRARY IDEAS TAKING ROOT IN GERMANY.—Among much other suggestive matter to be found in *Volksgeselligkeit*, the little monthly organ of the *Volkswohl* society of Dresden, I find interesting evidence that American library ideals are more and more becoming effective across the Atlantic.

Volkswohl, as I understand it, is the organization which has done for the common people and the children of Dresden, not only much that is done by our various charity organizations, fresh-air funds, playground association, etc., as well as what the city authorities here are doing in supplying small parks and playgrounds, but is even now reaching out into new fields. It has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary and this jubilee number is filled with evidence as to what is being done along these various lines in Dresden and elsewhere.

In an article on the Dangers of the Street, attention is called to a recent circular from the Austrian minister of education regarding the duty of the schools toward the steadily growing number of neglected children, not merely at school age, but under it. This circular deals at length with the necessity of providing occupation and protection for these children out of school hours, emphasizes the importance of play, advocates the establishment of play grounds and declares the readiness of the government to subsidize, in so far as its resources allow, homes, manual training schools and other organizations and institutions having such protective work in view, particularly in the large cities.

So far so good, but the Dresden editor points out that most of the instrumentalities for counteracting the evil influence of the streets, referred to by the Austrian minister, are limited to the daylight hours, or it may be to the afternoon only, leaving the especially dangerous evening hours unprovided for. Right here, he says, an institution which has already for some years been in successful operation in England and America commends itself, namely, the children's reading-room. Just as aspiring youths and adults gladly frequent the reading-room of the public library, so the children flock to the children's rooms wherever such have been opened. In Hamburg the Patriotic Society is just tak-

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ing up this idea. This society has met with unparalleled success in the circulation of good reading matter through the three large Bucherhalle established by it a few years ago. Its newly appointed committee for the creation of children's reading-rooms in every section of the city, can therefore confidently count on the sympathetic interest and support of a large circle in that great commercial metropolis. In the poorer quarters of Hamburg the small crowded dwellings often make it well-nigh impossible for a child to lose himself in a good book at home. The first children's reading-room was opened there in the parish-house of St. George on the 22nd of October last. It is provided with 350 carefully selected children's books, and is in charge of a lady who has several other ladies as volunteer assistants. From one source and another the sum of over 4,000 marks has been received for this work. The reading-room will be open daily through the winter from 5 to 7:30 P. M. and children from nine years old up to confirmation age will be welcome. A second such room was to be opened before the end of 1908, in another part of the city.

Why might not each of the existing *Volkslesehalle* in the large German cities add such a children's room to its equipment? The demands for oversight would be but slight and the necessary reading matter already exists in these libraries or would be easily obtainable, says this German enthusiast.

This last paragraph looks a little as if our German friends had not yet fully grasped the idea of the children's librarian as she exists in America.

In another part of the same paper are some interesting statistics from the annual reports of the first public *Lesehalle* opened in Berlin in 1894 by the Berlin branch of the German Society for Ethical Culture, and the *Freibibliothek* and *Lesehalle* opened at Frankfort on the Main the same year. The former attributes a marked increase in the number of readers in 1907, to the bad economic conditions and the great strike in the building trades. The library was closed ten days for cleaning and repairs but in the 348½ days on which it was open, it was visited by 92,215 readers, against 84,139 the year before, the average daily attendance in December was 400; number of books used in the reading-room, 16,361; loaned for home reading, 18,001; total, 34,363. In this connection a notable increase in the solid works called for is reported being 27% of the whole as against 21% in 1906.

Frankfort notes 2,163 new applicants to 1,992 in 1906, making the total number of registrations 23,000 since the opening in 1904, and reports a circulation of 161,187 volumes in the main library and 15,676 in the branch. For its music collection there were 989 borrowers of 4,777 pieces of music. M. E. H.

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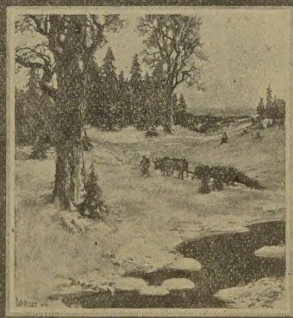

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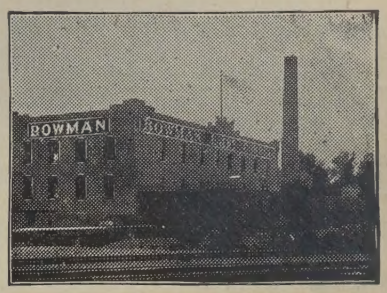

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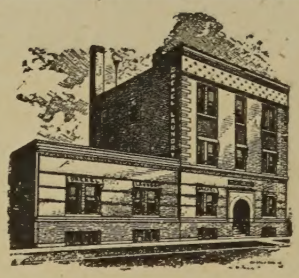
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